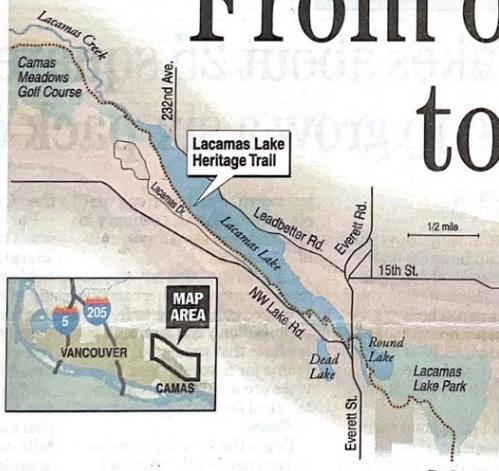




Photos by STEVEN LANE/The Columbian

Lacamas Drive in the Lacamas Shores subdivision is lined with upscale homes.



From old Camas to new Camas



Two mountain bikers take a break on the Heritage Trail on the shores of Lacamas Lake.

Lake trail leads to upscale but friendly Lacamas Shores

By JOHN BRANTON
Columbian staff writer

CAMAS — On a mild, gray and mostly dry December day, I decided to start at the southeast end of Lacamas Lake, in Camas, and walk the trail into the posh Lacamas Shores neighborhood.

In an hour or so, I reasoned, the walk would take me from the old Camas to the new Camas, from mill town-modest to corporate-luxurious, and back.

An example of old Camas beside the southeast end of the lake is Lacamas Park along Everett Road, where I saw 27-year-old Jason Buchholz and his children, 2-year-old Brandy and 4-year-old Nathan, bundled up in coats and carrying trout

SIDEWALK Neighborhoods on foot

In this occasional series, reporters examine Clark County neighborhoods by taking the sidewalks.

poles.

"I've been doing this since I was a little kid," Buchholz said.

The 312-acre park offers fishing for perch, bass and bluegill, six miles of scenic walking trails, bird watching and picnicking. In summertime, the young and restless visit spectacular but dangerous diving holes

— the Potholes — carved by nature in the rocks of Lacamas Creek.

I decided to start my walk across Everett Road and a short distance up Northwest Lake Road, past the venerable Moose Lodge with its tiny marina and a floatplane docked nearby. Within seconds, I pulled into newly built Camas Heritage Park, with restrooms and lots of parking spaces. You can leave your car here — or at another parking lot just up the road — and start the 6-foot-wide Heritage Trail, first paved and later graveled.

You'll walk past a nicely kept trailer park and, across the road, see picturesque older farmhouses and fields with a stand of woods behind them.

Before long, the blackberry thickets and trees open up into a clear view to the northwest of the three-mile-long lake — quiet, murky and a bit stark with the occasional dead snag poking up through the water. It's the kind of lake where people swim and water-ski in summer, and should try to grab a quick shower afterwards because the water isn't sparkling clean, officials have said.

On this winter day, even the ducks were nowhere to be seen, although a couple of tiny chickadee-like birds flitted in the bushes and leafless alders.

After about a half-mile, I came to a Y where the south-shore

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